

# Disney



Includes the song "Hey, Santa!"

# 101 DALMATIANS

## A Lucky Christmas

Hello again. It's me, Pongo, with another tale to tell. This is the story of our family's lucky Christmas. Just read along with me in your book. You'll know it's time to turn the page when you hear the chimes ring like this...

***Let's begin now, shall we?***



**Narrator/Pongo**  
Michael Gough

**Roger**  
Jan Rabson

**Anita**  
Linda Gary

**Perdita/  
Newsboy**  
Mary Kay  
Bergman

**Nanny/Lucky**  
Russi Taylor

**Newsboy's mother**  
June Angela

**Santa/  
TV Repairman**  
Michael Gough

**"Hey, Santa!"  
Lyrics**  
Gary Powell and  
Debbie Gates

**Music**  
Gary Powell

**Vocalist**  
Robin Huston

**Song produced by**  
Gary Powell

**Story produced by**  
Ted Kryczko

**Executive Producer**  
George Morency

**Written by**  
Wendy Baker  
Vinitsky

**Illustrated by**  
DiCicco Digital Arts

**Digital graphic  
development by**  
Jordan Foley





Christmas was only a week away. My wife, Perdita, and I had just rescued the Dalmatian puppies from that wicked Cruella De Vil, and were they happy to be home! Everyone in the Radcliffe house was getting ready for the holiday, especially my pet, Roger. He was hard at work on a new song for a Christmas Day television show.





All of us hounds were in the living room, watching “Thunderbolt, the Wonder Dog,” when the television went on the blink. Our pup Lucky began to bark loudly at the screen. Thunderbolt was his hero, after all.

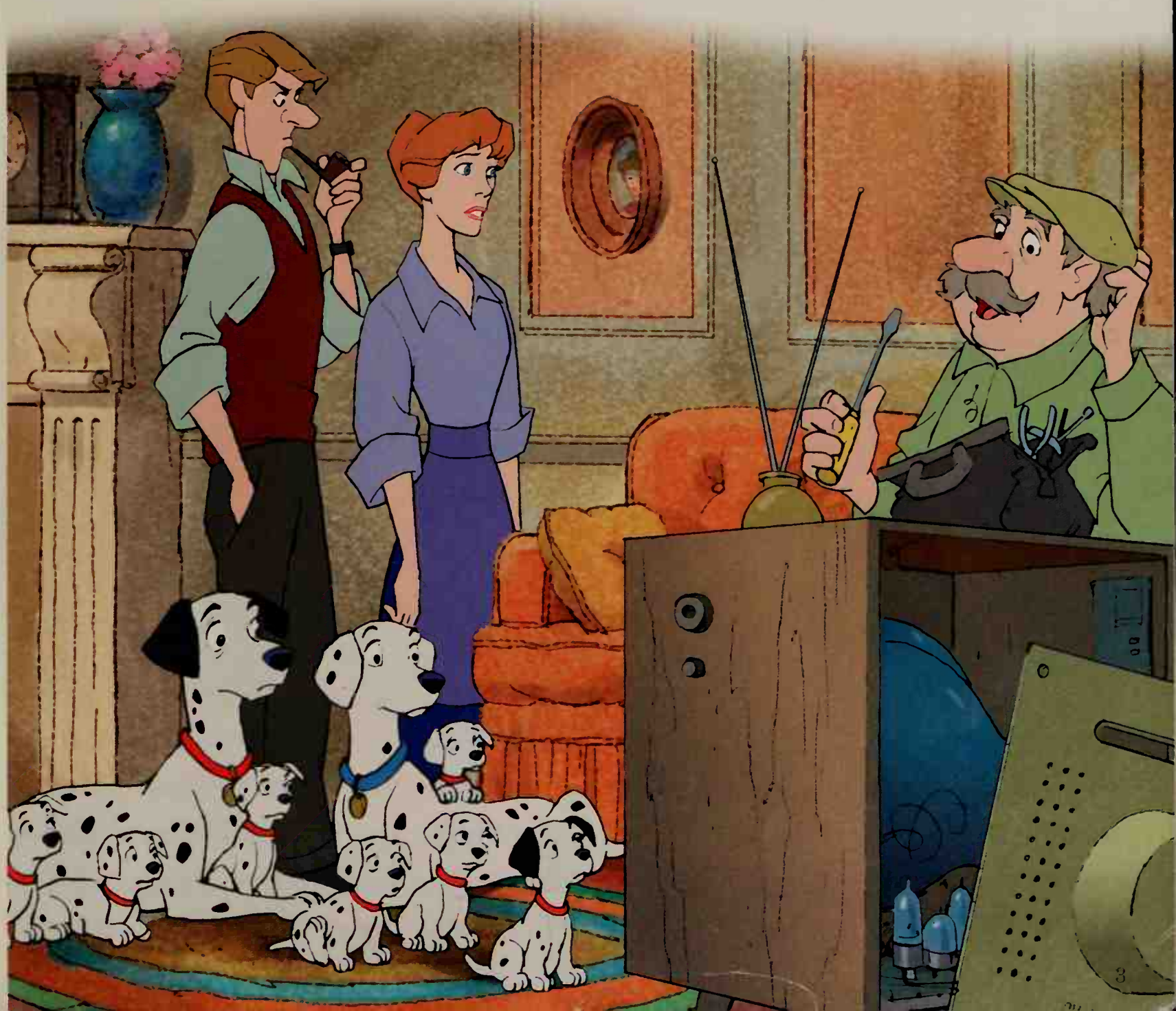
Nanny came in to see what the fuss was all about. “Oh my, we can’t have a broken television. The mister’s song is going to air in a week. I’d better call the repairman.”



But when the repairman came, he couldn't fix the television. "Sorry, sir, but I'm going to have to take it back to my shop."

Roger glared at the fuzzy screen, puffing on his pipe. Anita — that's Roger's wife — well, she was worried. "Will you have it back in time for Christmas? My husband's new song is going to be sung on a television show that day."

"Don't worry, mum. I'll return it by then."







I followed Roger upstairs, and that's when it happened. Afraid that he'd miss the rest of "Thunderbolt," Lucky jumped into the box with the television. The repairman picked up the box and carried it outside. Then he put it in his truck, shut the door, and drove off.



It wasn't until that night, when Perdy was tucking the little nippers into bed and I was counting them — as I usually did — that I noticed one was missing.

“Perdy, I count only ninety-eight puppies. Will you double-check? I’ll have a look around.”



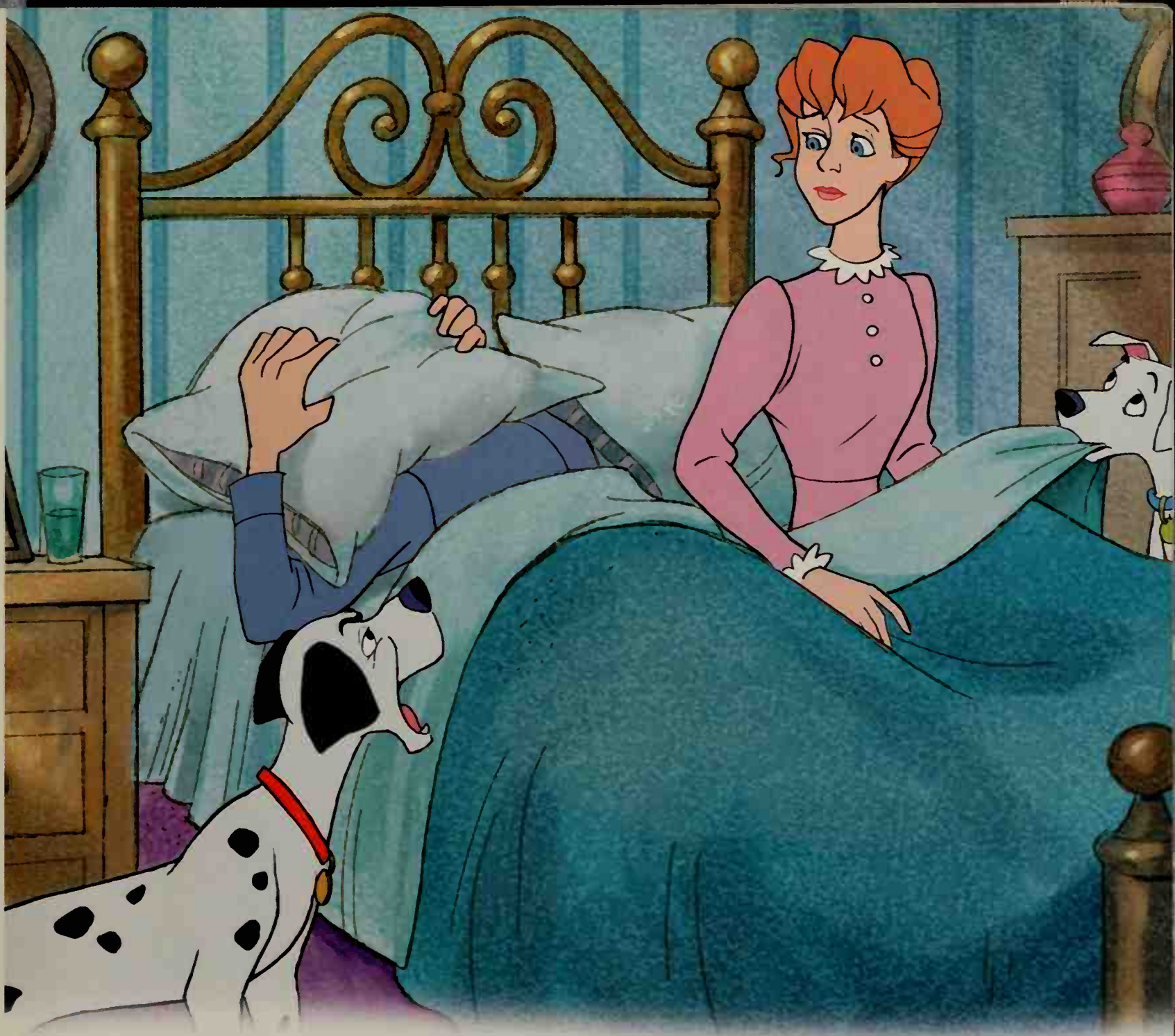


I ran upstairs to the living room. Maybe the pup was watching television ... wait a minute, there was no television. Suddenly I knew who I was looking for ... Lucky! He had been awfully interested in that television box when the repairman put the set away. Just then, Perdy raced into the room.

“Pongo, it’s Lucky who’s missing!”

“I know, Perdy. Let’s wake up the pets.”





Roger and Anita were sound asleep. Perdy tugged the covers off Anita. I stood next to Roger, barking loudly in his ear.

“Pongo! Be quiet!”

Anita sat up. “Something could be wrong. You’d better go check.”

“Oh, all right.”

Perdy and I nervously waited for Roger to put on his robe and slippers, then we ran down the stairs ahead of him.



“What’s the trouble, Pongo?”

I pawed at the front door.

Roger peered out the window. “It’s a blizzard out there.”

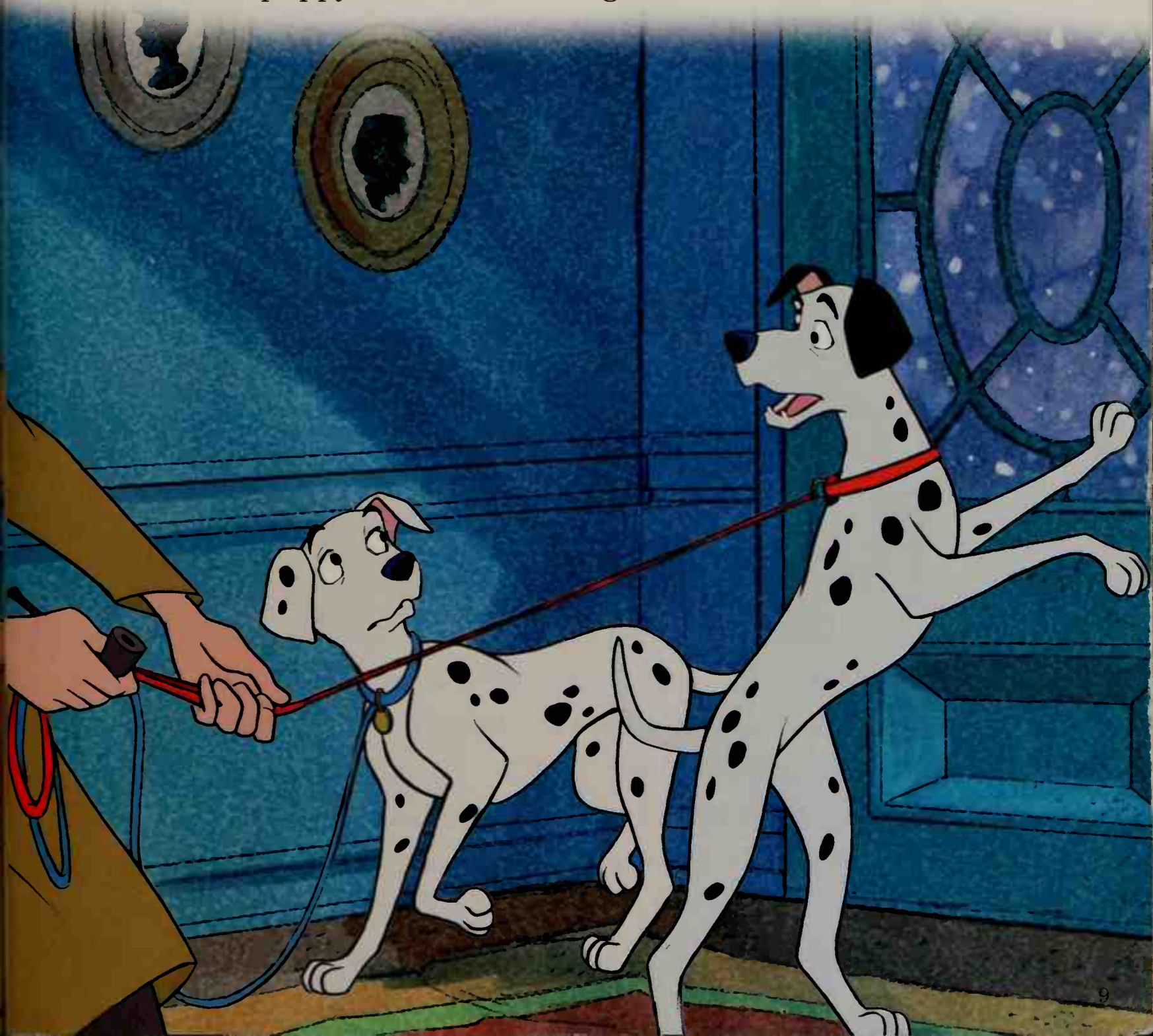
Anita came down the stairs. “I’ll get our coats.”





Then Nanny burst into the room. "I just checked on the puppies. Lucky's missing! I'll bet that repairman took him! He's probably working for Cruella, like those two bandits, Jasper and Horace."

Roger shook his head. "I don't think so, Nanny. No one has seen or heard from Cruella since her car accident. Besides, what would she want with one puppy? Come on. Let's go look for him."







Outside it was snowing hard. The wind was kicking up too. Perdy and I gave the front steps a good sniff, but they were already buried in snow. We looked up and down the street.

“Come on, Perdy. Let’s head for the TV repair shop.”

“But I don’t know where it is, Pongo.”

“I have an idea.” We yanked on our leashes and tried to pull our pets down the street.





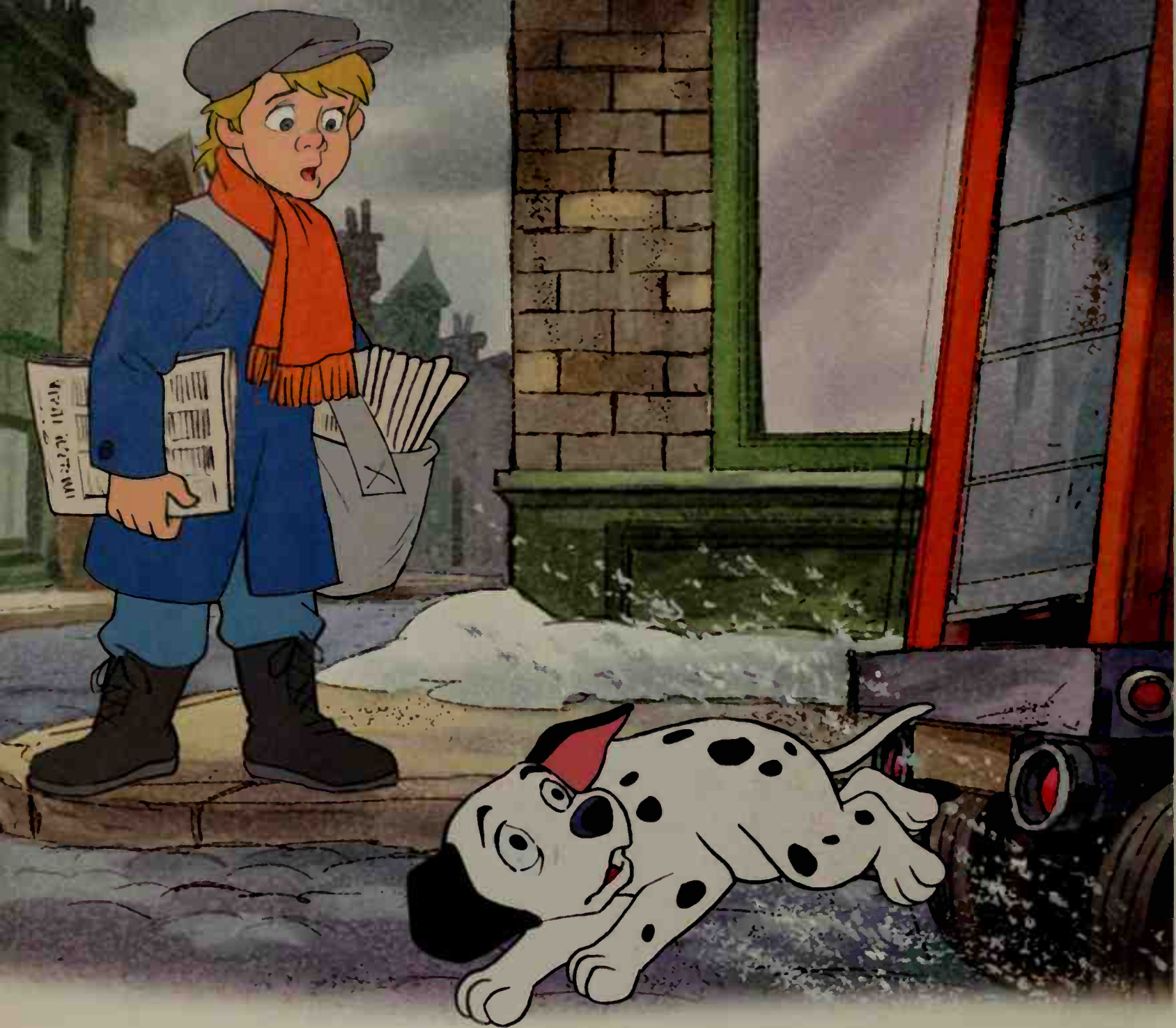
“Hold on, boy. Which way do you think we should go, Anita?”

“Let’s try the park.”

Perdy and I knew Lucky wasn’t there. Even if he had gone to the park, it would be impossible to find him in the blizzard. We looked all over for him anyway. It was useless.

“Come on, Pongo, come on, Perdita, let’s go back home.”





The next morning, Nanny called the television repairman. We all gathered by the telephone.

“Could you please just take a look round your shop?” First Nanny looked hopeful. Then she frowned. “Well, thank you, anyway.”

What the repairman didn't know was that Lucky had gotten as far as the repair shop. While he was unloading his truck, our puppy had jumped out of the box and dashed across the street.



A newsboy delivering papers saw the near-accident. He went over to Lucky, knelt down, and petted our frightened pup. The boy didn't think Lucky belonged to anyone, so he took him home.

The boy's mother, however, didn't want a dog.

"You can keep him in the garage until you find his owner."

"But what if I can't find his owner, Mother?"

"Then he goes to the animal shelter."





Meanwhile, back at the Radcliffe's, they were still checking around. Anita called the dog-catcher. "Hello, I'd like to report a missing Dalmatian puppy.... You won't be going out in this weather? ... I see. Well, when you resume your rounds, he has little black ears, a red collar, and he answers to the name of 'Lucky.' Thank you."



The next three days were dreadful. Nanny tried to decorate the house, but after hanging only one Christmas stocking, she started to cry. The repairman delivered the television, but nobody really cared. Perdita wouldn't eat, and sat staring out the window. "Wherever he is, Pongo, I hope he's safe."

"Don't worry, Perdy. We didn't name him Lucky for nothing. He always manages to keep out of trouble."







Roger tried to finish his Christmas song.

He put his head in his hand. "I can't concentrate, Anita."

"Roger, you must. Think of all the people who will enjoy your song on Christmas Day."

"You're right, darling. I'll try harder."

"That's the spirit."





Anita still had Christmas shopping to do, but the last thing she wanted to see were merry people on the street. On her way home, she thought she saw Lucky tagging along behind a newsboy.

“Anita, get ahold of yourself! Every Dalmatian puppy isn’t Lucky.”

Still, she hurried to the corner, but by the time she got there, the boy and pup were gone.



That night was Christmas Eve, but no one was celebrating at our house. Perdy and I had already gone to bed when the carolers came by. Perdy lifted her head. "Pongo, did you hear that?"

"Hear what, Perdy?"

"It sounded like a puppy howling."

"I think it's just a human with a bad voice, dear."

Perdy got up and went to the door.





At the same time, Anita put down her teacup. "Roger, we have carolers."

Roger was busy reading. "Mmmm."

"Let's open the door and listen to them. After all, it is Christmas Eve, and they're singing my favorite carol."

"You go ahead, darling. I'm not in the mood."

Anita got up and went to the door. But the carolers already had gone on to the next house.







Now, the one thing I've learned in life is that there's nothing like a mother's instinct. I should have known that Perdy was on to something. One of the carolers was the newsboy, and he had Lucky with him.

Block after block Lucky twisted and turned in the boy's arms, until finally the boy put him down. And then, quick as a flash, Lucky took off for home. But he wasn't quite sure which way to go. First he tried one





way. Then another. Finally he stood shivering under a street lamp.

“I’m never going to see my mother and father again.”

Then someone in a fuzzy red suit and big, warm gloves stooped down to pick him up.

“Well, well, well. If it isn’t Lucky! Shouldn’t you be home, snug in your bed? It’s Christmas Eve, little fellow.”





The next morning, Perdy and I awoke to the sound of puppies barking. We hurried upstairs to the living room, and there was Lucky, sound asleep in the only stocking that Nanny had hung. We raced over to him and began licking his face. He opened his eyes and started yipping.

Nanny came in from the kitchen. "It's Lucky! He's back!"

Half asleep, Roger and Anita ran down the stairs.





"So it is! Where in heavens did he come from? And how did he get in the stocking?"

"Look, Roger, he has a red bow around his neck with a card! It says, 'Merry Christmas. Love, S.C.' "

Roger looked at Anita. " 'Love, S.C.'? Who is that?"

"You don't think ...?"

"No, it couldn't be Santa Claus ... could it?"





"I'm not sure, Roger. All I know is that this is the most wonderful Christmas present we could wish for." Anita and Roger hugged each other, and all the dogs began barking at once.

Nanny shook her head in amazement. "It most certainly is!"

Then Roger hurried over to the television and turned it on.

"Come on, everyone. The show is starting!" We all gathered round him to celebrate the "luckiest" Christmas we'd ever had.





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Make the holidays merry with these  
Christmas songs and stories!

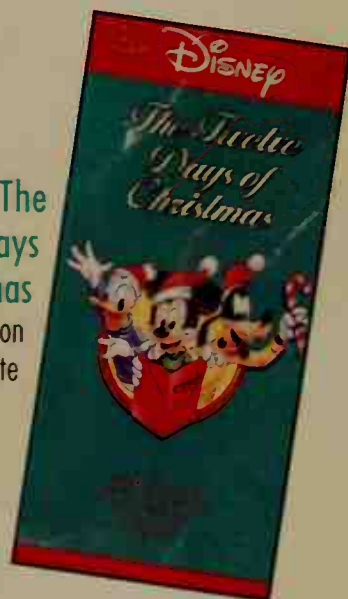
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